

About Plays
and Players

By SIDE DUDLEY

GEORGE SCARBOROUGH, author of "The Lure," "At Bay" and "The Heart of Wexona," is writing a Mexican comic opera. Inspired with an idea for a musical play of this sort, Mr. Scarborough went to the Texas border a few weeks ago, and, in El Paso, met Alberto M. Alvarado of Mexico City, by appointment. Senor Alvarado is Mexico's best known composer of popular music. As a result of their conference Mr. Scarborough and Senor Alvarado are at the Scarborough home on Staten Island writing and composing the opera. Already the Mexican has composed twenty of the numbers, and Mr. Scarborough has the book and lyrics almost ready. An interpreter is with them.

The opera will be based on modern Mexico and the conditions that have arisen. The author's republic recently. Men now in the public eye will figure among the characters, by proxy, of course. Modern Mexican bandits will have their place in the new piece, and there will be a "sentimental kick" such as Mr. Scarborough has proved himself capable of using effectively in his stage writing.

MRS. ANGLIN TO FROHMAN.
Before leaving for St. Louis to appear in Shakespearean productions in the open air, Margaret Anglin entered into an agreement with Alf Hayman whereby she will star next season in a new comedy under the management of the Frohman Company. Miss Anglin gained much of her early experience under the direction of Charles Frohman. During the coming season Mr. Hayman and she will inaugurate the "Afternoon Theatre." Matinee productions will be given which will in no way interfere with the regular run of Miss Anglin's starring vehicle.

"CALIBAN" WILL CONTINUE.
"Caliban" will be continued throughout the week at the City College Stadium. Friday night 21,000 persons witnessed this Shakespearean spectacle and about the same number saw it last night. In spite of the threatening weather Saturday night 18,000 attended. "Caliban" cost \$125,000 and it will require additional performances if there are to be profits. In case any surplus remains after expenses are met, the money will go into what is to be called a Permanent Shakespeare Fund.

TO STAGE "A BARE IDEA."
E. A. Well is to stage his musical play, "A Bare Idea," after all. Several months ago he had it in rehearsal, but it stumbled and fell before the barrier went up (pardon us—we've been to the races) and Mr. Well sent it back to the stable. Now, however, he's at it again and he promises that about June 15 there'll be something doing. Mrs. Well, professionally known as Dorothy Arthur, will be prominently cast. Incidentally Mr. Well says "A Bare Idea" is a bear idea.

A NEW HOUSUM COMEDY.
Klaw & Erlanger and Henry Miller have obtained a new comedy by Robert Housum and will produce it early next season.

TWAS, OH, SO DISAPPOINTING!
Herman Schlittler of the J. P. Muller Advertising Company has a new shirt, while Frank Hughes and Jack Benjamin of the same concern have new neckties. This announcement in itself doesn't appear startling, but when it is known that the three young men dined all up with the idea in view of giving a few Hippodrome chorus girls the "howdy do," and were then disappointed, it takes on another aspect. Now, go on with the story. Mr. Muller bought three tickets to the outing of the Hippodrome employees, held at New Dorp, N. Y., recently. He couldn't go, so he gave the tickets to Herman, Frank and Jack.

"There'll be dozens of peachy chorus girls there," said Mr. Muller.
"Wow!" said Herman. And Frank and Jack echoed the word.
The trio then went on a purchasing expedition. Money flowed like molasses from their pockets until they felt they were in a position to "maah" all the chorus girls that dared bat an eye at them. So to New Dorp they went. Sixteen stage hands, twenty ushers and a couple of coal heavers were the only others present.

"S'MATTER, POP!"



By C. M. Payne

HENRY HASENPFEFFER—If Matilda's Head Was a Vacant Apartment There'd Be Room for Six Families!

By Bud Counihan



FLOOEY AND AXEL—Do You Get the Point? FLOOEY Does!!!

By Vic



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LIFE IN THE BRONX.
Jake Rosenthal was in the box office of the Bronx Opera House yesterday when a little old woman stepped up to the window and said: "I want a quarter seat downstairs for the Decoration Day matinee."
"We have no quarter seats downstairs," replied Mr. Rosenthal, "but we have some good ones in the balcony."
"Is there a matinee up there too?" asked the little old woman.
When the Friars bring their "Frolle" back to New York several perform-

ances will likely be given at the Hippodrome.
Frank Shea will sail for London in the near future to play roles Raymond Hitchcock originated.
Leo Dietrichstein and "The Great Lover" will conclude their engagement at the Longacre June 10 and resume in August.
"Robinson Crusoe Jr." is to close up shop June 10 and Al Johnson will leave the next day for the Pacific Coast to rest.
Richard Lambert is preparing to send "The Blue Envelope" on tour next season with Walter Jones and Carrie Reynolds featured.
Lillian Cavanagh, who plays the role of the athletic Suffragette in "A Lady's Name," is losing weight and her whole family is worried.
Reports from Los Angeles say Oliver Morosco's new musical piece, "Canary Cottage," has leaped into great favor.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Crane have gone West. They will spend the summer in San Francisco. They may take a trip to Honolulu before returning East.
Cedar Rapids's favorite son, Malcolm Williams, has arrived in New York from California, accompanied by Mrs. Williams (Florence Reed).
Marc Klaw is home again. Mr. Klaw left New York in March and went West, spending the greater part of the time in Honolulu, San Francisco and Los Angeles.

ABE, YOU DEVIL, YOU!
Have you seen Abe Nathanson motorcycling? Her address, please, Abe!—Rambler, in Greenpoint Home News.
FOOLISHMENT.
He stole some money, did McPhail, of course, they put him into jail. And when he found himself in Dutch, he said: "I took a drop too much."
FROM THE CHESTNUT TREE.
"What is your idea of happiness?" "Nothing to do and lots of time to do it in."

WHEN YOU WERE A BOY

By Jack Callahan



Can't you issue an order to have all the car windows closed to-day?"

Sufficient Proof.

A CITIZEN was standing on a street corner looking a bit depressed when a friend sauntered along.

"What seems to be the trouble, old man?" solicitedly queried the latter, extending the sympathetic hand.

"You are a sight, like sad scenery." "I have just had something of a jolt," answered the sad one. "I was

bequeathed a silver service as the solid thing a few weeks ago, and now I know that it is only plated ware." "Sorry to hear that, old fellow," returned the friend. "But you may be mistaken."

"Oh, no I'm not," was the mournful rejoinder of the sad one. "The service was on the sideboard the other night when burglars broke in, but they never touched it."

The Cost of It.

E X-CHAIRMAN WALSH, of the Industrial Relations Commission, discussing the New Haven acquittals, said with a laugh: "Some people thought the day had come when a crooked million would cost the crook dear. But I, for my part, never thought so."

"No, sir; the day has not yet come when the crooked millionaire will find himself in the position of the humble ex-jailbird."

"This humble jailbird, invited one night to have an eleven or twelfth beer, pulled out a big watch to see if he had time."

"Holy smoke!" said his host.

"Holy smoke, you've got a watch! What did it cost you?"

"Nine months," the ex-jailbird answered simply. —Washington Star.

Some Refreshment.

R EAR ADMIRAL FLETCHER, during the manoeuvres off Newport, told a story at a garden party.

"The navy is as abstemious from ethical reasons," he began, "as old Stinger was from mislinearity."

"Old Stinger was entertaining a boyhood friend one evening at his cottage. After a couple of hours of dry talk, the old fellow said genially:

"Would you like some refreshment—a cooling draught, say—George?"

"Why, yes; I don't care if I do," said George, and he passed his hand across his mouth and brightened up wonderfully.

"Good!" said old Stinger. "I'll just open this window. There's a fine sea breeze blowing."

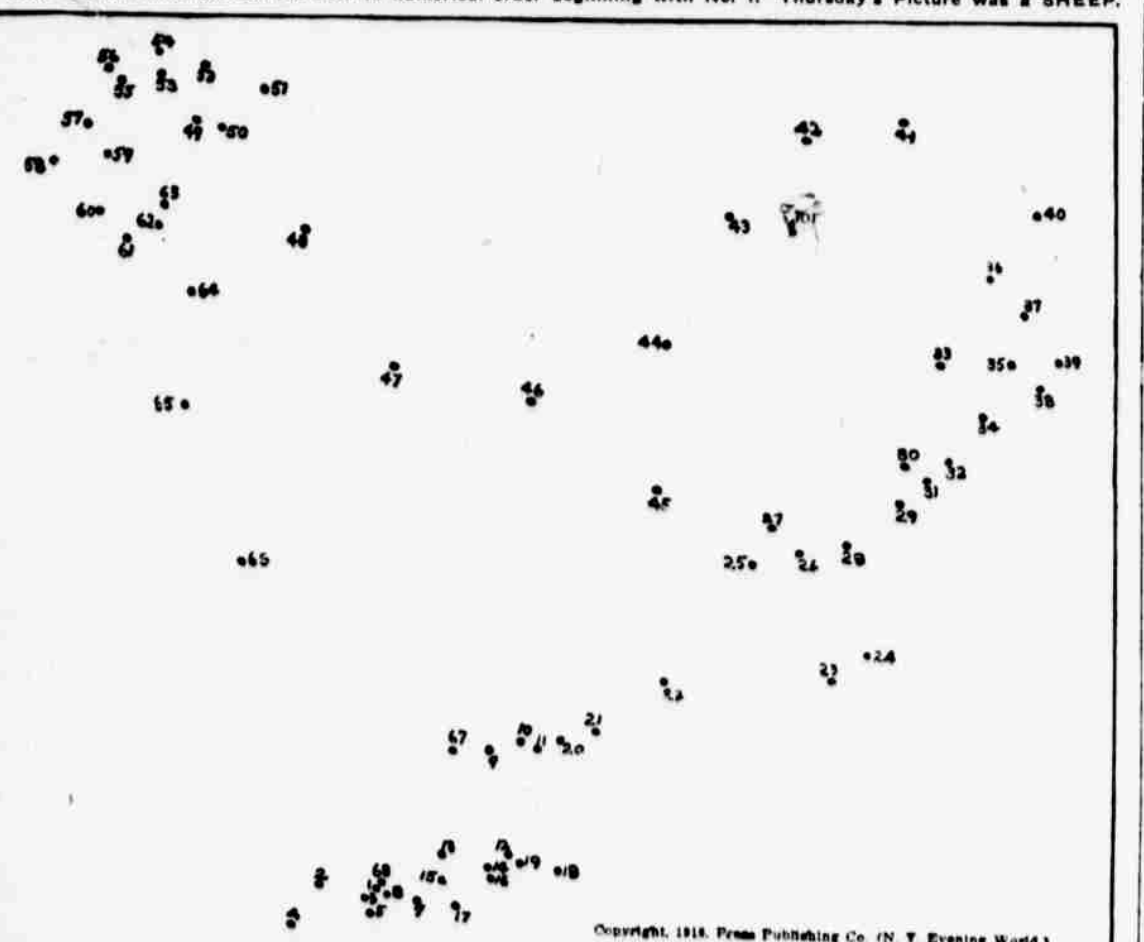
Bumstead's Worm Syrup.

For 50 years the safe and sure remedy for worms. It never fails. One bottle kills 125 worms. Sold every where. See list. C. A. VOORHEES, M. D., Phila. Pa.

WHAT TOMMY SAW ON THE FARM

By Ferd G. Long

With a pencil line connect the dots in numerical order beginning with No. 1. Thursday's Picture was a SHEEP.

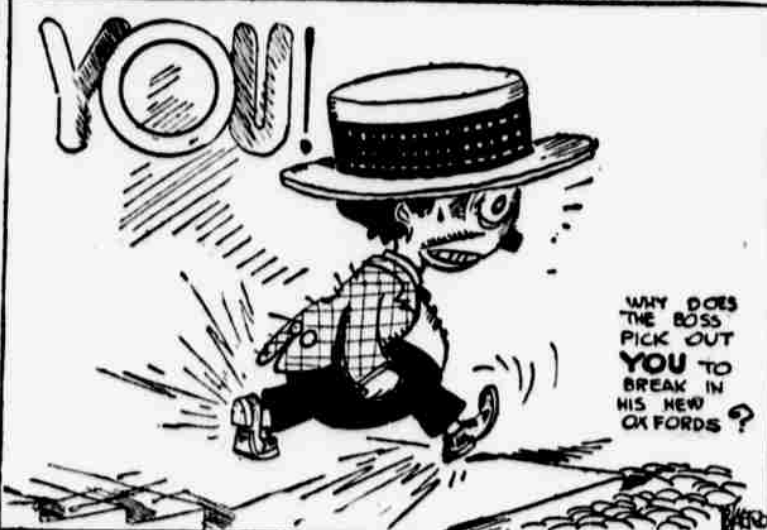


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YOU!

By Arthur Baer

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Had Made Start.

PETE, the hired man, was known for his prodigious appetite. One morning he had eaten a normal breakfast of oatmeal, buckwheat cakes, toast, fried potatoes, ham, eggs, doughnuts, coffee and the usual trimmings, and gone to the neighbor's to help with extra work. Pete arrived before the family had risen from the morning meal.

"Well, Pete," hospitably inquired the farmer, "had breakfast yet?"

"Aw," drawled Pete in a wheedling tone, "kinda."—Everybody's Magazine.

Going to Headquarters.

KARL FRED BONDY answered the telephone. An excited woman was on the line, says the New York Railway Employees' Magazine.

"Is this the New York Railway?" she asked.

"This is the office, madam."

"Is the General Manager there?"

I am the General Manager,

madam.

"Well, you know how warm it was this morning and then how terribly cold it turned shortly afterward?"

"Well, madam."

"Well, my daughter Nora went downtown early this morning and she wore only a light waist and skirt. You know how the people keep the car windows open in the summer time and I'm afraid she'll catch her death of cold coming home."

"Well, Pete," hospitably inquired the farmer, "had breakfast yet?"

"Aw," drawled Pete in a wheedling tone, "kinda."—Everybody's Magazine.

SCRAMBLED EGG PUZZLES

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EGG NO. 37.

Before the letters of this egg were scrambled they spelled something which you can draw without making a single mark.

See if you can arrange the letters to spell what they originally did. The scrambled letters in Saturday's spelled "GRATITUDE."